UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

American Neutrality Versus War - - - - - - - - - *Brent Dow Allinson*

In Czechoslovakia - *Lola Maverick Lloyd*

W P A—A Professional Joke? - *Isidore A. Blanch*

I Become a Southern Planter - *Edgar H. Webster*

A Note on Soviet Russia - *Fred W. Shorter*

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 3
Edwin D. Mead—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 5

ARTICLES—

American Neutrality Versus War—BRENT DOW ALLINSON 7
In Czechoslovakia—LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD 8
W P A—A Professional Joke?—ISIDORE A. BLANCH 9
I Become a Southern Planter—EDGAR H. WEBSTER 10
A Note on Soviet Russia—FRED W. SHORTER 14

POETRY

That Which Abides—EUGENIA T. FINN 6

CORRESPONDENCE

The Russian Riddle—CHARLES G. GIRELIUS 15
The Oxford Conference—JOHN T. RICKETT 15

THE FIELD—

Labor Sunday Message, 1937—*Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America* 2

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Labor Sunday Message, 1937*

On this Labor Sunday, dedicated to a consideration of the meaning of the Christian Gospel for our industrial life, we remind ourselves of the spiritual insight of the prophets of Israel, who say that the God who rules the universe is also the God of justice in human affairs. God, as revealed in the Bible, calls us to share in His concern for justice for all. As Jeremiah said of King Josiah, "He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well. *Was not this to know me? saith the Lord.*"

On this day we remind ourselves also of the compassion of Christ for the poor and disinherited. That compassion, in a day when poverty was inevitable, becomes for us, in our day, when poverty can be abolished, a demand for justice in the distribution of the product of industry. From the perspective of Christianity it is intolerable that masses of men, women and children should be denied the opportunities which comfortable people regard as necessities. God did not create wage-earners to be mere instruments for the making of money for others; the welfare of all must be inherent in the end for which all the processes of production and distribution are carried on.

It is because of the concern of religion for justice and for social welfare that church bodies have for thirty years officially declared for the right of employes as well as employers to organize. Back of these declarations has lain a conviction of the sacredness of human personality and of the dignity of the common man, which is born of the teaching of Jesus that all men are children of God. Such a belief issues in a demand for democracy, both in political and industrial relations. This leads to the organization of workers in order that they may have a recognized voice in determining the conditions under which they live and work. Experience has shown that since industry is often organized on a national or even wider basis, labor unions of corresponding scope are needed if workers are to be adequately represented in truly democratic relations, and if industry-wide standards are to be maintained.

Many industries in this country have been organized over a long period of years. It has been demonstrated that it is possible for organized employers and organized employes to maintain generally harmonious relations, and to adjust their differences through joint conciliation without recourse to strikes or lockouts during the terms of their contracts. The past year has been marked by a

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(Continued on Page 16)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS

With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end.

Sir William Watson.

THE SURVIVAL OF DEMOCRACY

In an article in the Christian Century for July 28th last, Dr. Hans Kohn, of Smith College, author of *Force or Reason,* has this to say about the problem of democracy and its survival in the modern world:

> The threat to democracy today lies not in any Fascist or Communist danger within democratic lands. The real and practically only threat to democracy comes from the international situation. As Fascism is essentially linked up with war . . . democracy is essentially linked up with peace. . . . International anarchy, as it exists today, threatens war, and therefore, even without a war or after a victorious war, endangers democracy.

A similar statement is made by the great Spanish liberal, Senor de Madariaga, in an article in the July 25th issue of the New York *Times Magazine,* as follows:

> No war can be safe for democracy. The method of war rests essentially on the use of force, and a people that has tasted force loses all real sense of democracy. No lesson stands out more clearly from history than this: a democracy that goes to war, if beaten, loses its liberty at the hands of its adversary; if victorious, it loses its liberty at its own hands.

We commend these statements of wise and truly liberal souls to our pacifist friends who are all for going to war once again "to make the world safe for democracy." These pacifists, or former pacifists, have been put to rout by Fascism which they suddenly believe we must fight while there is yet time. Their main concern at the moment is Spain, where they are all for our taking up arms for the Loyalists against Franco. But can they not see, these former pacifists, that there is no democracy left in Spain to fight for—that such democracy as may have existed anywhere in that unhappy country has long since been destroyed by war? It makes little difference now in Spain which side wins—whichever side is victorious, democracy is defeated! The same is true, or will be true, wherever war appears. Let America take up arms in a "next war" to save democracy against Fascism, and the very first result will be the destruction of every last democratic principle and institution right here at home. Our danger, as Professor Kohn points out, lies in nothing within our own borders, but in an international situation which may precipitate a war into which we may be fool enough to enter. If democracy is to be saved, it must be through peace—peace, if needs be, at any price!

AGREEING AND DISAGREEING

The complaint that President Roosevelt is planning to change our form of government doesn't impress us much. It may be that the government needs to be changed. The horse and buggy, after all, *were* changed into the automobile! That the President is looking toward the future, and has concern for a society which will serve the economic as well as political needs of all the people, more especially the submerged one-third, seems to us to be everlastingly to his credit. But we insist (1) that changes shall be effected by the people themselves, and not be imposed upon them by some allegedly all-wise authority from above; and (2) that each specific change shall be judged on its own merits in relation to the whole, and not be offered, willy-nilly, as a test of all progress and enlightenment. What we object to is (1) reform sprung on the people, without due announcement and even in contradiction of past promises, as "must" legislation; and (2) the demand that everything proposed by the White House be passed, in fidelity not only to the New Deal but to the nation itself. There is still room for personal judgment in this country, and even for differences of opinion among liberal and progressive citizens. Three recent legislative proposals illustrate perfectly what we mean. First, the Supreme Court packing bill! This seemed to us wholly bad, and we see no reason why, in a free country, we should not have said so without being classed with mossbacks and reactionaries. Secondly, the Wages and Hours Bill! This seems to us to be a highly complicated mixture of good and bad, with no assurance of any kind as to what it will do to labor and the country generally. That it

should be passed without scrutiny, just because its purpose is highly laudable, seems to us to be both ridiculous and dangerous. Thirdly, the Wagner Housing Act! This seems to us to be wholly good. That the government should build houses for people to live in seems to us as elementary as that it should build roads for people to travel on. Thus, with these three measures, are we opposed, in doubt, and in favor—and we still insist that we are as much a friend of radical progress as the administration.

CHEMICAL WARFARE INHUMAN

President Roosevelt's veto of the Senate bill changing the name of the chemical warfare service to the "chemical corps" should be gratefully noted in these days when "man's inhumanity to man" is finding supreme expression in war and preparation for war. The bill in question was insignificant—a mere change of name for a branch of the service which has to do with study of the use of chemicals in warfare. But the change was intended to enlarge and dignify this branch of the service, and the President took excellent advantage of the occasion to declare that he did not "want the government of the United States to do anything to aggrandize or make permanent any special bureau of the army or navy engaged in these studies." The reason for his stand in this regard the President admirably stated as his conviction that chemical warfare is "inhuman," and should therefore be discouraged. He went on to say, in his veto message, that he proposed to do all in his power in this direction, in the hope that "the time will come when the chemical warfare service can be entirely abolished." We applaud this hope, and rejoice that there is one national leader in the world, our own chief executive, who cherishes it. It is doubtful, of course, if any attempt to humanize war, by abolishing this or that method of fighting, can be successful. Again and again men have tried to abolish the use of barbaric weapons, but the work of death is at this hour more terrible than ever. For war is itself the great and basic inhumanity. Its business is killing— murder by wholesale, and in the quickest and most effectual way possible—and in the last analysis it makes little difference whether the lethal weapon is a spear or a gas bomb. The victim in either case is just as dead, and the killer just as brutalized. But it is well to have the specific details of war's horrors thus pointed out, for it is when we really come to see that no one of these horrors can be blotted out, until war itself, the supreme horror, is blotted out, that we may at last take action to end the whole accursed business.

NAZI INSANITY

This Nazi business is getting more and more to look like an insane asylum. Take this recent art program—the purging of the great museums in Germany of their "bad art"! That there is a lot of bad, even degenerate, art in the world, we have no doubt. Our own humble opinion is that painting and sculpture are giving us some of the most impressive evidence we have of the disintegration of our civilization. But who are Hitler and Goebbels to set art standards in our time? What do these men know of the vast mystery of beauty? The barbarians invading Rome and Greece and smashing the art treasures of antiquity are the only parallel of which we know to this Nazi attack upon the museums and galleries of Germany. Then, as another evidence of insanity, take this latest anti-Semitic text-book placed by the Nazis in the German schools. So far as we can make out from the rather full newspaper dispatches, the author of this book has covered the whole span of history and blamed every catastrophe from the fall of Rome to the Great War upon the Jews. According to this Nazi "authority," Gibbon is all wrong in his elaborate analysis of what happened to the ancient Empire. The "decline and fall" was very simple—the Jews did it! The Middle Ages have always been regarded as a peculiarly complicated period of history, with many conflicting forces weaving a tangled pattern of events. But the Nazis know better —what was going on everywhere, in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, was a desperate endeavor to save Europe from the Jews. As for our own day, from 1914 to this hour, the accursed tribe of Israel has done it all! It is to laugh—or would be, if it were ever proper to laugh at the insane! And the grimmest joke becomes in this case a ghastly thing when we remember that millions of innocent men and women in Germany are being deluded, deceived, intellectually and spiritually despoiled, by these savage lunatics.

S. O. LEVINSON AND CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

S. O. Levinson, Chicago attorney, father of the "Outlawry of War" movement, which led to the Kellogg-Briand Pact, devoted friend of this paper and occasional contributor to its columns, has recently made a notable gift to the University of Chicago, which should be of great interest to our readers. UNITY desires to join the University and the American public in rejoicing over this notable benefaction. The gift in question is the vast and valuable collection of documents relating to the outlawry of war, gathered by Mr. Levinson during the years of his world-wide leadership of this movement for peace. It contains some 35,000 letters and telegrams written by Mr. Levinson to a long list of correspondents in this nation and abroad, including most of the great statesmen and public leaders of the last two decades, together with 13,000 replies from these correspondents. In addition, there are diary reports of interviews and conferences, and unpublished articles on and analyses of "Outlawry" and the world events revolving about it. As a manuscript and autograph collection, this series of papers, filling a dozen

filing cases, is invaluable; as a record of one of the great peace movements of our time, destined to be remembered by posterity as constituting a momentous chapter in the history of peace, it is of course unique. It has been described by members of the Department of Political Science in the University as one of the most complete and revealing "case studies" of an international agreement ever made accessible. The collection will also be cherished as an enduring monument to Mr. Levinson himself as one of the most famous and influential peace leaders of our time. Hugo Grotius legalized war and thus put it under social control in an age when it was an accepted institution in the economy of civilization; S. O. Levinson delegalized war and thus outlawed it in an age when civilization was trying to rid itself of war as a crime against humanity. When war is gone and peace has at last come, these two men will be remembered together as the chief figures in the accomplishment of the greatest reform in human history.

CHURCH STATISTICS

We need not remind our readers at this late date that UNITY has for years refused to take seriously the figures of the church census solemnly published each year by the *Christian Herald*. Alone among all the religious journals of America, UNITY has asserted that the figures showing steady increases in church membership and attendance have no basis in fact, and are to be realistically interpreted either as careless errors or deliberate falsification. The figures of this current year were especially ridiculous. One total, showing an increase in the Unitarian ranks of over 38,000 members, or more than 35 per cent—now confessed to be an error!—was enough to discredit the whole. UNITY has had little sympathy and no support in this fight for elementary honesty in church statistics. Our contemporaries go right on, year after year, swallowing the reports with perfect complacency. But now comes agreement from an impressive source. Mr. Roger W. Babson, expert statistician, and incidentally Moderator of the National Council of Congregational-Christian Churches, sustains our contention. In an address last month before the Laymen's Conference at the Isles of Shoals, Mr. Babson declared that figures on Protestant church membership were quite incorrect, and that Protestant church attendance had been falling off for years. Referring specifically to the census figures published annually by the *Christian Herald* and broadcast by the press associations, Mr. Babson said that these figures contained the names not only of millions "who have repudiated the church which they joined in their youth, but also of millions who are dead and buried physically." Sunday school attendance, continued Mr. Babson, has similarly been falling off, and likewise attendance at chapel services at college. These phenomena are so obvious that the refusal to acknowledge them can mean only an unwillingness upon the part of the churches to face the facts. Rather than do this, the churches cook up ridiculous figures to show growth and prosperity, and hope thus to drug the public with the same pipe-dream with which they drug themselves.

Edwin D. Mead

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

It is difficult to think of Boston without Edwin D. Mead, dead on August 17th last in his eighty-eighth year, as it is difficult to think of UNITY without occasional contributions from his pen. Mr. Mead was perhaps the last survivor of the Boston which Van Wyck Brooks has so recently and gloriously celebrated in his *The Flowering of New England*. He knew Emerson and Lowell and Holmes and Higginson and Julia Ward Howe and Frank Sanborn and Edward Everett Hale and Charles William Eliot, and preserved into this later and sadder day the culture which was the fruit of their genius and their labors. Mr. Mead was surely the last survivor of the goodly company of congenial spirits whom Jenkin Lloyd Jones gathered about him in the service of UNITY. Mead and Jones thought alike on a hundred themes in religion, politics, literature, social reform, but their hearts were never so closely attuned as on the subject of world peace. The Great War killed Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and wrecked the mind of Edwin D. Mead. The latter happily recovered, to speak many a brave word and do many a good deed for the causes he loved. But he was never the same man again!

Edwin D. Mead was born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, on September 29, 1849. He lived the life of a farm boy in his early years, getting his education in the village school, and in his 'teens earning some much-needed money in the village store. At the age of seventeen, he trudged to Boston and found employment in the great book-publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields. Here he developed his literary interests and began that acquaintanceship with great literary figures which endured until the last of the giants had gone.

In 1875, Mr. Mead went abroad to study, and thus to gain belatedly in learning what he had never been able to acquire as a young man. For four years, until 1879, he pursued courses at Oxford, Cambridge, and the University of Leipzig, and returned to America with mind overflowing for the work he had to do. This experience was fortunate in breaking trails through Europe which he beat into familiar footpaths on many later journeys. Acquaintanceships began in

these years which deepened and multiplied as time went on until his contacts with European statesmen, scholars, and public leaders were excelled by few Americans of his time.

In Boston through many years Mead's interests were multifarious and his activities indefatigable. His mature years constituted a public career of extraordinary usefulness and influence. Thus, he edited the *New England Magazine,* a distinguished journal in its day, from 1889 to 1901. For two decades or more he directed the Old South historical lectures and edited the Old South leaflets—an educational work of unique and exceptional value. He was president of the Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society, of the Free Religious Society, and of the Twentieth Century Club, founder and Director of the World Peace Foundation. A natural-born leader, of ardent spirit and tireless energy, he labored unceasingly for more humanitarian and enlightened causes than can be enumerated or even remembered.

First among all these causes, increasingly as years went on, was the crusade for international peace. Mr. Mead was active in every peace group in this country, and an outstanding leader in many of these groups. No man, for example, was more influential than he in the Lake Mohonk Conferences. International peace meetings in England and Europe always witnessed his presence. He kept personal touch with peace leaders in all countries, conducted a voluminous correspondence, and lectured and wrote constantly. He saw in disarmament and universal arbitration the way to peace among the nations, and marked with joy what seemed to be the progress of these policies to triumph. When, almost without warning, there came the vast cataclysm of 1914, his world went out in night. He collapsed with the collapse of all his hopes. That he should have recovered, to begin his fight against war again, constitutes impressive testimony of a soul stouter than the calamities which overwhelmed it.

Mr. Mead was a constant writer, especially of leaflets, pamphlets, and tracts. His books included *The Influence of Emerson, The Principles of the Founders, The Philosophy of Carlyle,* and *Martin Luther, a Study of the Reformation.* His lectures and addresses were abundant, and many of them were published.

Mr. Mead represented all that is best and noblest in the great liberal tradition of our land. His religion stemmed from Channing and Parker, his thought from Emerson and the transcendental idealists, his ethics from the Puritans of church and state. Free, open-minded, tolerant, rigorous in his standards of private and public life, a devotee of Nature, a lover of culture and all its works, exuberant with joy, overflowing with energy and high spirits, he believed that life was given him to be spent not for himself but for others. Thus was he unashamed in his forthright endeavors to improve manners, fight evils, right wrongs, and establish justice and peace upon the earth. He loved men and believed in them, and therefore thought it his duty to improve their lot. A man of humblest temper, he was likewise a fighter of dauntless courage. Tasting defeat at its bitterest, he refused to accept it; wounded to the heart, he still survived. Like the knight in the old ballad, when the fight went all against him in 1914, he cried out:

> "I am but hurt, and am not slain;
> I'll lie me down and bleed awhile,
> And then I'll rise and fight again."

It was but a short while ago that Edwin D. Mead's beloved wife, Lucia Ames Mead, passed away. The two were good comrades through many years. It was hard to think of them apart. And now they are no longer apart, but joined anew in the spirit of Browning, whom they so often read together:

"Fight on! Fare ever!"

That Which Abides

They have clothed the Christ in a costly cloak
And demanded that every gem
Be sown thereon, till there scarce is room
To grasp the healing hem.

They have torn the Savior's seamless robe,
So loved by the multitude
That sat all day on a mountain-side,
Forgetting the need of food.

They have closed their eyes to a humble scene,
Have forgotten a boat on a shore,
Where the Master sat with the fisher-folk
And taught them His simple lore.

The words of the Christ have been made to fit
A dreary, chanted drone
That echoes with neither warmth nor life
In cathedrals of carven stone.

They have tried to cut the garment of Truth,
And each has upheld a piece,
The while they wrangle among themselves,
Unwilling to yield or cease;

And yet—the Spirit of Truth is here,
And the promise is still the same;
"Whatever ye ask, ye shall receive,
If ye ask it IN MY NAME."

EUGENIA T. FINN.

American Neutrality Versus War

BRENT DOW ALLINSON

What is neutrality—"old" and "new"—and is there any magic or morality in it that will serve the American people well, and promote the world's gradual pacification and civilization, even in time of devastating civil strife in Europe, and of international wars, official and unofficial, declared and undeclared, legal and illegal, in Africa and Asia? Is the new neutrality and the neutrality of the future potentially an instrument of national policy designed originally by George Washington and the best minds of his time, not merely for safeguarding the peace of a weak and rising republic in time of European war and international anarchy, but capable also of being wielded by his republican successors as an instrument of peace for the frustration of militarism and autocratic aggression, and for implementing the Kellogg-Briand Pact and its promise of outlawing war from the world? Is it a tool which we can successfully wield by our separate and isolated action, to the end of forging a new standard of civilized law and conduct towards disturbers of the world's peace? Is there such a thing as "collective neutrality" for defense of law?

These are questions of great moment and consequence, which this generation is called to face and master, confronting as we do grim alternatives on every horizon of restricting and subduing the engines and the engineers of human slaughter in terms of sensible economic and political readjustments, under forms of law, or of witnessing totalitarian warfare hideously exterminate, impoverish, and madden large segments of humanity. They are complicated questions which the fifty members of the Sixth Institute of International Law, in continuous session for five weeks in Ann Arbor, composed of teachers and students of international law and relations gathered from twenty-seven states under auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, intensively explored.

Neutrality was recognized as the cornerstone of American foreign policy—in the form of honest commerce with all nations but entangling alliances with none, even in time of war—from the troubled days of George Washington's second administration, in 1793, to the frenzied nights of Woodrow Wilson's second administration, in 1917 (when the defense and progressive development of the ancient and honorable neutral policy were suddenly abandoned in favor of a hypnotic fantasy of the "League to Enforce Peace" upon Germany and the Central European world, in the interest primarily of the financial and political empires of Britain and France). Not only historically, but practically and presently neutrality is a cornerstone to which the American people have whole-heartedly returned, recognizing it as a policy dictated by the highest wisdom and a historic doctrine, law, and fact that embrace much of what America has promised and of what Americanism means to the world, founded as it is upon the rock of the ideal of social justice, of international impartiality, and upon a gospel of live-and-let-live, of non-intervention in the affairs of other peoples, of economic reciprocity in search of equilibrium as the road to peace, and upon the inalienable rights of peaceful men and nations recognized as equal under law and endowed with intellectual and physical liberty.

Now Congress, after much discussion, spurred by the revelations of the Senate's sensational Munitions Investigation, has re-enacted this ancient policy in a new and mandatory form, extending its restrictive provisions into the field of the commercial operations of private citizens, particularly the "munitioneers," and touching even the travel of ordinary citizens upon the merchant ships of war-making states and governments, and the ships themselves, their movements and their armaments in American territorial waters,—perhaps even re-directing the course of American sea-borne commerce in American ships. On three separate occasions since August, 1935, when the sinister shadow of Mussolini first fell across northeastern Africa and the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, the policy of honest non-intervention, in an economic as well as political and military sense, has been reaffirmed by important acts of Congress; and on each occasion in 1936 and 1937, when the law and its various parts have been reconsidered, the result has been a strengthening of the mandatory character, the economic scope, and the permanence of the policy, despite differences of opinion both inside and outside of Congress, and despite the desire of the Executive, revealed by representatives of the State Department, to be untrammeled in the exercise of political discretion in the application of the embargoes as respects foreign belligerents to all who are subject to the jurisdiction of the American Government, whether aliens or citizens. Congress has refused to permit any partial or political application of the law, looking towards discrimination between belligerents or intended favoritism towards one as against another, even if that other be stigmatized as "aggressor" by the League of Nations. This is of the greatest significance. It is not too much to say, therefore, that undiscriminating neutrality, with its application of extensive embargoes and penalties against belligerents, *as belligerents*, has become explicitly the basic principle of contemporary American foreign policy, as a result of the direct and democratic dictation of Congress, as is the Monroe Doctrine. Indeed, the latter has never had the emphatic and explicit legislative formulation and assent which the former has repeatedly received. This event marks another step in the repudiation of the theory of the League to Enforce Peace, which was the political progenitor of the League of Nations, and of the War itself, from the Wilsonian viewpoint.

It therefore behooves the American people to understand this, and to appraise the implications and probable consequences of it in the present crisis in Spain, in Asia, and elsewhere. For whatever other nations may be compelled by their governors to do, under the obligations of their membership in the League of Nations or of their treaties and alliances and far-flung imperialist commitments, the United States Government will and must remain neutral, until Congress itself repeals the Neutrality Act of 1937,—which is the result of many facts and forces, and of nearly a century and a half of national experience in

the development of the conception, the policy, and the law. Whatsoever may come of tragedy and conflict abroad, whatsoever may be the collision and catastrophies of the armored international anarchy in which we live, amidst the rivalries, the intrigues, the armaments, and the lawless power-politics of Europe and Asia, the basic policy and purpose of the American people has been plainly promulgated for all to see. . . But what is to be the effect and the price upon others and upon our own interests, in terms of anciently asserted rights of trade and travel, of commerce and profit, in time of war, of steadfast adherence to the policy of neutrality, as we have conceived and defined it for ourselves? How far can the United States "go it alone," or successfully defend and develop the new program of anti-war commercial and financial embargoes? These are critical questions which have not yet been fully explored or popularly understood in the United States. To them it will be profitable to devote some inquiry and consideration. And especially to consider the challenge of the present conflict in the Far East to the new-old American policy and law, testing whether it is potentially a powerful instrumentality of waging peace (for the vindication of the Kellogg-Briand Pact), and a contribution to international law of the greatest importance—or a delusion and an economic snare.

[An article by Mr. Allinson on American Neutrality Versus Oriental War will appear in the next issue of UNITY.]

In Czechoslovakia

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD

As far as eye can reach, the rolling Bohemian hills are patterned in gay stripes—fields of brown or golden grain ready for the harvest, of green potatoes just flowering white or lavender, of blue-green rows of cabbage or bright green sugar beets, of rosy-flowered clover or a dash of lemon-yellow mustard in bloom. Only the very hilltops keep their dark forests. This ancient soil of new Czechoslovakia is fertile and well-cultivated.

In the few open fields we may see goats; seldom larger cattle. Near the red-tiled stone houses, huddled into picturesque towns, there is sure to be a flock of white geese—one old person herding them for the community.

I am traveling to a Peace Congress called in southern Czechoslovakia at a watering-place named Luhacovice. It is the regular triennial gathering of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose first president was Jane Addams. At its last Congress in Zurich the League had not witnessed Ethiopian war nor war in Spain. A war was raging in South America, ended now, and warlike campaigns were in progress in the Far East, where they still continue unabated. The 1934 Congress found opposite economic trends among its members and yet they were able to unite on progressive principles, including the main principles of peace and legal equality for the sexes.

This year no one can predict. Waves of reaction are abroad. Pacifists are challenged and tempted on all sides. Will an isolated health resort in Czechoslovakia provide a better atmosphere than western Europe? Shall we be able there to bury prejudice and partisanship and unite forces for action to end the wars now raging? Shall we get on with the job of equalizing the legal rights of men and women and of bringing more democracy to both? One hopes so, if only for the reputation of this world-wide league of women with its heroic origin during the World War.

Judging from the train window, the people seem prosperous. Lots of them are traveling. The larger towns look well-kept and busy.

Now we are passing Pilsen's famous breweries, evidently flourishing.

Is Czechoslovakia more peace-minded than its wicked, older neighbors? New nations are always extremely nationalistic and this is no exception. The great munition works of Skoda are kept busy behind their high and menacing walls. Their size, to one who knows Chicago's monstrous factories, is not so overwhelming, but they are big and efficient and well guarded. Only last week our Dr. Frederick Schumann and his wife were arrested for taking photographs of the Skoda works, and for talking German that was too good! It is fear of Germany that drives them on in the armament race. And it is fear of Czechoslovakia and all the rest that drives Germany on, of course. How to be a democracy and a military power at the same time is the Czechoslovakian problem, and ours, too. How to mix oil and water! Only with a lavish use of hypocrisy can the trick be turned. Much talk of democracy, but as little as possible of the real thing, thank you.

The War Resisters' Congress would have drawn me to Copenhagen through my personal interest in the work of several of their leaders if it had not been set for the same week as the Congress of this league that I helped to found. I should like to hear Lansbury report on his interviews with world rulers. Some pacifists disapprove, I hear, but I have thought them ever so promising, just the kind of human contacts natural to a real democrat like Lansbury. Distances and time prevent my attendance at both Congresses, unless I could fly. And Luhacovice has no airport.

When the W.I.L.P.F. Congress ends and before its new executive can begin the future planning that always interests me I must start on the long trip back to Paris to attend the last half of another peace Congress—an international group of absolute pacifists, men and women. They cannot fit into the frame of the Brussels R.U.P. which last year summoned all peace groups to unite under the wing of Lord Robert Cecil. Many, however, are not content with his semi-governmental, entirely pro-League-of-Nations leadership, nor with his mild program that emphasizes unity so heavily. The greatest unity attained in this world is the unity of the inert.

The Paris Congress will organize as the International Assembly against War and Militarism. In French the initials are R.I.G.M. and they call it *Rigma*. If militarism in its myriad forms is to be attacked, I want to be there—and let them include the militarism of democracies!

But something is wrong with international peace organizations, when we can produce three similar efforts in Europe on conflicting dates. I should hate to think we simply make too little noise in the world for

friends or rivals to be aware of our plans. And each peace group surely cannot be unfriendly to all others. If we have not the instinct of coöperation we must train ourselves to it, dividing and distributing our complicated work, specializing when necessary, but always keeping in friendly touch and attaining a far more living unity than uniformity gives us under any kind of leadership.

The temptations of historic Prague have to be resisted. A mere glimpse at its dominating castle and cathedral on the heights, encircled by the river Moldau with its decorated bridges, must do for the present. A morning's tour with Cook or Chedok, as they call him, comes to a climax in the ancient small chapel they have transformed into the national shrine for their Unknown Soldier. His bier is smothered with the faded floral offerings of famous visitors always from allied governments.

Poor Unknown Soldier of every nation, I cannot worship at your shrine! Your dreadful cult inspires me not with nationalism but with a quite opposite line of thought. Do you remember that solemn song we heard at peace meetings during 1915 and 1916—each verse beginning, "I died for Freedom, this I know"? It was a simple poem written by a London clerk who called it "The Five Souls." After 1916 we never sang it again, naturally, because our boys had to be sent out to die for freedom and democracy. We could revive it now and add a sixth verse beginning:

> "I died for Freedom, this I know
> Because my President told me so."

A ceremony at Arlington with this deep bass solo as the main feature could rededicate us most impressively to the pursuit of peace.

The song would be exactly suitable for a peace ceremony around the tomb of the British Unknown Soldier at their sacred Cenotaph. Do the British dominions have separate shrines of their own, each with a nameless martyr to regional patriotism? English will do for them, but the song must be sung in other tongues to suit all the poor wretches lying in anonymous state—in the military shrines of our one-time allies. After all these years of martial music, they would like our song for a change. They would understand it, too, these average unknown boys, drafted to die "for freedom."

W. P. A.—A Professional Joke?

ISIDORE A. BLANCH*

What is the matter with WPA? Is the trouble in the fact that large sums of money are spent on jobs that are not productive, on projects that are unnecessary, or is the problem of the evil deeper, in its administration, in the lack of standards, inefficiency of administration, and total disregard of merit or comparative quality in the work of the personnel on the payrolls? The evils of the latter, I believe, are graver than the first.

Let us take an actual instance to illustrate the utter stupidity of its administration in New York City, the absence of any standard of evaluation, reward, or even encouragement, to the personnel. I am especially concerned with the professional personnel which consists of some eminent talent in art, teaching, writing, drama, research, and law. In these professions set up as projects in one way or another, there is no inconsiderable bit of talent. All one has to do is observe the gallery of paintings decorating the main hallway of the Labor Department building, at Washington, to see that no small amount of talent has been at work among the WPA personnel, and the Art project is no exception.

That the government has miserably fallen down in its handling of the WPA personnel of the professional projects is a fact without challenge to any one who has had occasion to know anything about it and see through it. Millions of dollars are spent in paying dull, low-level salaries of $20.00-$23.00 a week to professional men, who, after plodding a year, a year and a half, or two years, realize the hopelessness of having their originality or special interest stimulated by encouragement of advancement in position or salary, and soon sink to a level of discouragement, dull mediocrity, a stale intellectuality of routine, a doggedness of daily plodding and a secret despisal of the system of stupid monotony which does not ask anything and does not reward anything. Much has been written by Mr. Easley, lately in the newspapers, about the corruption of the project supervisors, their petty czarism, graft, and small politics. I am not so sure of that. But that the WPA project supervisor is merely interested in a 9 o'clock sharp registration and does not care about quality and genius is something that is too true to need further proof.

A professional of some originality frequently starts on a project with a zest for the work. If his work, for example, involves research and he happens to be a person of intellectual interest he is apt to find a thrill in it at first and in being able to do something original and creative in the particular subject of interest. However, after working six months or a year our exceptionally bright person sees that even if his intellectual supervisor does recognize the value of his work, the administration is utterly callous not only in keeping salaries at a dead level of stupid uniformity, but in utterly disregarding and frequently firing those who excel. His interest soon wanes, and an individual who frequently would have made a conspicuous contribution in his line of work loses all interest and finds no room for self-expression.

Let me illustrate with a certain instance of which I happen to know. Tom Jones is a comparatively young lawyer and holds several degrees. He was hard hit by the depression. After the election of President Roosevelt, in which Jones took an active part, all the reward that Jones got was a CWA job in 1934. He worked on a routine job and was transferred to research under a professor of New York University. Jones did splendid work in Public Utility Research. His knowledge of economics, sociology, history, and law was in Jones' keen mind a plastic mold for turning in whole chapters of original write-ups and analyses on the problems of public utilities, and his contribution to the subject after a year's work was sufficient to have made a substantial, printable volume. The professor was gratified with

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Jones' work. Jones was a lawyer, but it was more than was expected that he should have attacked the subject of research with such interest, personal adaptability, and originality. The professor tried to get a position for Jones and has written letters of recommendation for him to some men in politics having influence over appointments, but these letters fell on deaf ears.

The United States Civil Service Commission gave an examination to lawyers. That was in 1935. Jones saw in it an opportunity to get out of the rut. He took the examination with 15,000 other lawyers to qualify for Associate Attorney and Assistant Attorney to the Federal Communications Commission. Jones' specialized knowledge in public utilities and his written thesis on that subject were rated by the Civil Service Commission 91 per cent. His written examination was rated 85.63 per cent. His general average was 87.78 per cent as Associate Attorney and 87.90 per cent as Assistant Attorney. On the list for Associate Attorney, among thousands of intelligent and well-educated lawyers competing, Jones came out thirty-first.

Months and years passed by and, excepting about four, no names were certified by the Commission from the list. Jones has gone down to Washington several times and has tried, on the basis of his experience, Civil Service record, and recommendations—personal as well as of the Democratic Club—to win the ear of some Congressman or Senator to do something about obtaining a position in the non-civil service branch of the service of which there are thousands of positions in Washington. Letter upon letter has gone out on the stationery of United States Senators, Congressmen, and other public men of importance, to the various heads of the numerous government departments that employ thousands of lawyers on a non-civil service basis and where abilities exactly the kind that Jones has proved he possesses could unquestionably be utilized. Not a word of encouragement in the replies, except the usual stereotyped, perfunctory, and colorless official courtesy and meaningless regret. Jones, of course, when he went down to Washington, like a Benjamin Franklin with his credentials under the arm, never had been able to pierce the corps of secretaries and to actually talk to a Senator. Jones soon realized that these letters are written and received with the apparent knowledge that they are merely rubber stamped courtesies and intended to be ignored, and that the flow of appointments follows a different course, to which he has failed as yet to obtain the password.

Three years rolled by and the interest of Jones in his work, which at first in its enthusiasm was like a fire kindling dried wood, was tortured into a stale, hopeless drudgery, and an enthusiasm for the administration rewarded by the cruel shame that no amount of talent on WPA can hope for intelligent appreciation or proper reward. Jones at this time was employed in the Law Department of the City of New York on a WPA project. He again proved his ability by passing the Municipal Civil Service examination for Associate Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, but when it came to the oral examination, Jones, who at college had been a star speaker and debater, was given the lowest passing mark—so steeped in prejudice against WPA or Jones(?) was the Municipal Commission. Still Jones was sixteenth on the list, but not a chance of a Civil Service appointment. Jones tried to qualify for the position of Junior Assistant Attorney in the City Law Department but the Civil Service Commission would not accept his WPA professional experience as the equivalent of a clerk's experience—such is the irony of official stupidity and jealousy.

Jones has laid his record before the President's Secretary, Mr. James Roosevelt, and appealed to him to do something. On June 4 he received from Mr. Roosevelt's secretary a letter that his name had been sent with a recommendation of appointment to the Federal Communications Commission, the Social Security Board, and the Attorney General. In the midst of his jubilation and expectant hopes, Jones got a dismissal card and in response to a letter, as to the reason he was fired, an under-official of the WPA administration wrote: "The reports submitted to the office clearly indicate that your work was definitely below average."

I Become a Southern Planter

EDGAR H. WEBSTER

I

The morning mail brought a letter from the County seat and proved to be from the County Agent. Its purport was that if I wished to rent some of my cotton land to the government I should meet a county delegate at a certain time and place and have the details arranged. The letter had a humorous note as it brought my recent past into contact with the immediate present. I am a scion of New England on both sides, dating as far back as 1636. For nearly half a century I had been a teacher of youth. The time had come to retire. We chose to seek a mild climate and so had made our home in the southern part of a southern state. And now I find myself on the county list of cotton growers, and receiving from time to time cards and notes bearing upon the reduction of cotton acreage. In this particular communication I could rent to the government some of my acres hitherto planted in cotton, at a rental based upon the average cotton yield for the past three years; and this land I could use for any farming purpose save for cotton.

Out of my teaching years, forty and more had been spent in a school for the higher education of Negro youth. The institution grew out of a vision of an educator who was more than an educator, a statesman. A son of New England, knowing that the leadership of New England came out of the New England college, he theorized that the leadership of the colored people must come from among the race itself, and he could think of no better way to create that leadership than to place a New England college in the South. A "Negro College" just after the war raised a smile in the North and a laugh in the South. But the college was begun, and while the man of vision did not live to see the outcome, his vision was fulfilled.

In my early years I characterized the school as a "grammar school, with a high school adjunct and a college fringe." But as the state assumed the elementary education of its colored children, the school cut off the

elementary work and, later, the secondary courses; and for some time before I retired it had become a college, and only a college.

As I think through the list of leaders among the Negroes, the school with which I was connected had not only a fair proportion but almost an undue proportion, for the school was a pioneer in the higher education, and began with that vision to which many another school with a different principle had gradually come. And so the fact of my retirement and my change of location did not take away my interest in the race to whose youth I have given so large a portion of my teaching years.

And here in this southern town, away from the student type of Negro that I had enjoyed, I found a new type; new, that is, to me: the agricultural Negro, either as owner, or renter, or as day-laborer. Here so far as I am advised, the share-cropper does not exist, or at least not to any large extent. This town is a southern town. But there are a good many people from the North who, like myself, are retired and came here as we did for its genial winter. Negroes are in evidence during the day; but at nightfall the town becomes a white town. The town itself is south of the "Black Belt" and it has come to me several times that when a Negro gets out of the Black Belt into this region he never wishes to go back. To digress, I had attended the May 30th exercises at a National Cemetery. I was sitting in the park awaiting the coming of the car to take me to the city. A southerner sat on the bench with me and we talked—at least he did. The date was that of the very severe floods in the Mississippi flood plain. My seat-mate was a native Georgian: as a lad he was heir to 400 slaves. But he remarked—and the remark was the more significant because he was a southerner—that "A Negro never gets into the Mississippi delta that he ever gets out." Something of that is true of the share-croppers in the Black Belt. Once there it is not easy to get away. It may be that such as do get out do so because of more initiative, more real innate power, and, as I said, once out they never willingly return.

My interest in the student-Negro did not predispose me to interest in the laborers as I saw them here. And yet as I met them it came to me that there ought to be something that I could do for them, or some of them, as I had done for the more fortunate of their group. In fact, the idea became almost an obsession. I did not seek any solution of the situation; but all at once, Sylvanus entered the picture. This was in the fall of 1930. He seemed to be one of a group of Negroes that have nothing; that can earn fifty or sixty cents a day from the white farmers when they are wanted, and between times must get along somehow, it is hard to tell how. He was apparently a beggar in the streets of this small town. A friend of mine had given him a pair of shoes, of which he said, "They were almost too good to give away," and he gave the Negro a note to me as one interested in the colored. The Red Cross helped him and got tired of him. A Church Missionary Guild had also helped and had got tired. Neither was organized or had the means to help on a permanent basis. His manner was rather repellent. Later I explained this as due to a "defense mechanism," the outcome of a real inhibition when in the presence of white folk. He was always asking for work, but I had none to offer, although once I let him clean up around the fences of my small house lot, and I was pleased with his spirit and his work. Later I learned that he had been a renter on a large farm; that he had been assigned to ditching in a swamp; that he sickened and had pneumonia, and I suspected a tendency toward incipient tuberculosis. Unable to continue his work he had been dropped off the estate, and with his wife and her son was making his home in a poor way with her parents. I think they pooled their conditions, worked when work was open to them, and got along somehow when the work stopped. For farm work for them as for others of their group is a seasonal occupation. They were helped out by such help or work as they could occasionally find in the town, and by myself.

Returning the next fall from an extended vacation, I found Sylvanus also returned. During the summer he had been able to get into a free clinic in the next county seat; there the doctors seem to have diagnosed his trouble, and with their medicines and directions his health was much improved. But he was getting on my nerves. The dollar borrowed was never returned, and the work proffered I could not use.

II

Finally I thought I had found the solution. This was either in December, 1932, or early in January, 1933. Hoover was still President, and the revolution of November of that year was still in the future. As said above, agriculture is a seasonal occupation. Between seasons the share-cropper and the renter have their supplies, such as they are, from the commissary; but the day-laborer must shift for himself.

I feel a pardonable pride in sensing in the winter of 1932-1933 a situation which has recently been expressed in a magazine article (1935) in which, to quote, "A Texas report shows that on small farms mules worked but 60.1 days per year, on larger farms but 79.1 days. Again this all-cotton farmer was employed only 1657 hours per year, or an average of a little more than five hours a day for 313 working days. Five months he worked only two hours per day; four months he worked over-time." The situation here is not just like that, for these farms are not all-cotton farms. But, and Sylvanus illustrates the fact, there must be large portions of the year when the demand for labor and laborers is at a low minimum, and not infrequently zero.

With this thought in mind, I said to him the next time he came, "What you need is some way to keep yourself busy when the white folks do not need you. You ought to rent a piece of ground on which you could raise crops for yourself between the times that your labor is needed by your neighbor." In a few days he returned. There was a new intelligence in his face, and that expression that is always there when he thinks he has done something that I thoroughly approve.

"I've got the land," he said, "forty acres and twenty cleared and ready for crops—rent $60.00." In so far as one may interpret the facial expression of another, Sylvanus had awakened to the ambition to become a farmer. And if I should crush this awakened ambition, what then? Sixty dollars was not so much if paid in installments; I had the money, it could be used for the rent and would return from the sale of crops when I should need it. I said, "I will see the land." I did so. A square lot, eighty rods long and wide, one-sixteenth of a square mile, flat as a table, enclosed largely by the fences of the neighboring large farm, its own twenty acres of cleared land also fenced. It was off a highway but a local road ran through it. It was the property of a white man who had found a

job in a neighboring city, and so was open for rent. There was a three-room house which may at one time have been a fair sort of house but it was approaching the condition of a shack. Somehow that farm appealed to me. There it was awaiting its opportunity to be put to work. Perhaps it was the thing that I was half-expecing would take the place of the student-interest of my teaching years. At any rate, we made a simple contract with the agent, and a check for the rent for the first six months was mailed.

III

I was city born and city bred. As a lad of eleven I had an attack of typhoid fever, and the next summer I spent seven months on a farm working for my board. It was all new and strange, but I enjoyed those months out of doors and to them I credit the good health that has been mine in the decades since. My knowledge of farming was limited but I knew that twenty acres of farm land could not be set to work by a man without tools. I inquired of a white farmer whom I knew what he would charge to plow up those twenty acres. The price per acre was not large, but multiplied by twenty assumed creditable proportions.

Meantime the "grape-vine telegraph" had been in operation, and when the boy came around again he brought with him his brother-in-law from somewhere as a partner in this business. I was rather glad of this new turn, for twenty acres seemed to me a large plot for one man. Meantime these two had been doing some thinking. When I spoke of hiring the plowing done they showed very clearly that the cost of the plowing (for one plowing would not do) would buy two horses. These would make them independent, for when you need a horse you need him and you cannot ordinarily rent from your neighbors. Curiously, they had the horses already selected, and I found myself making a trade with a horse-trader. But farming implied tools, plows, harness, a wagon, etc. And it was January and horses must have feed; the farm must have fertilizers, and the family must be carried. Gradually it dawned upon me that I had (unwittingly) become a southern planter, with forty acres of land in my possession which I had sub-rented to two Negroes whose ability as farmers was to me at this time unknown; and that there was already a considerable investment. The situation was that of the ordinary planter who takes care of his renters and recoups himself from the sale of the products of the farm. Some rather stiff contracts were drawn up, which (since one could not read or write at all, and the other only very slightly) were to them rather meaningless. But there was a general understanding between us that they were to be carried until early in May when the large truck farms would be using them and after that date they would take care of themselves.

IV

A couple of bills at this time will give an idea of what we planned:

12 sacks seed potatoes	@	$2.50	$30.00
1000 lbs. fertilizer			14.00
			$44.00

Paid Feb. 12, 1933

1½ tons 8-3-5	@	$21.50	$32.25
⅗ tons Nitrate of Soda	@	41.50	24.90
5 bu. seed cotton	@	.50	2.50
4 bu. peanuts	@	1.00	4.00
½ bu. Silvermene corn			1.00
			$64.65

Paid March 16, 1933

These bills show that we did not plan an all-cotton farm. Irish potatoes were to furnish a crop for the early market; sweet corn later, and cotton for the fall market. Three acres were apportioned for potatoes; an acre for sweet corn and peanuts; six acres for cotton, and ten acres for field corn. Fall potatoes were to take the place of the spring crop, and these and the field corn were for home consumption.

One item at this time rather built up my respect for my sub-renters. The problem of laying out these acres other than by guess-work was before me, or as it resulted before the men. To them an acre was a plot seventy paces long and wide, or from the lay of the land eighty rods by eight rows. Granting a pace to be three feet, these figures showed that the men knew what they were talking about. That some of their acres were rather large was not at this time of much importance. At any rate a plan was arranged and this was fairly well followed.

As the season progressed I began to have more respect for my men as farmers. The crops were in the main on good lines, and they were worked so as to be clear of weeds. Two questions began to arise for some solution. We had put five bags of fertilizer to the acre of potatoes. Probably we should have put ten bags. Had we the "wit" to market our crops when the time came? Three set-backs occurred which modified our expectations: (1) A series of heavy and long-continued rains were especially disastrous to half of the cotton. (2) A neighbor's hog said to weigh 300 pounds had learned to stand upon her hind feet and throw her body against the fence and bear it down, get across and spend the night among the corn. She was complained of and her owner locked her up; each time she broke loose and returned to their fence and their corn. There seemed no redress: the fence was in no sense a "legal" fence and that fact would have thrown out a suit, and suits are not neighborly acts. (3) A neighbor's mule (the neighbor a white planter) could jump any fence. This animal seemed to be attracted to one of the horses, and that attraction led it to break out of the home stable and find its way to our place, and once there the inviting corn led to a leap, and in the morning the devastation was made plain. Being one afternoon at the farm, I saw Tom (the other man) riding in from an errand some distance away, and the mule was following; and at one time it followed to town eight miles and back. The boys claimed that between the hog and the mule their crops were damaged one-half. In the case of the mule, when missed at the home place, a colored hand was sent for him, and one time found him harnessed to our own harrow and at work. No questions were asked.

V

The farm began to look farm-like. The boys felt the need of a cow and . . . they knew where a cow was for sale. A good Jersey. I met the owner in the bank and passed him a check which he at once passed to the cashier to apply on a mortgage. And . . . such apparently was my financial standing that he had delivered the cow to the men the day before I paid for it. And with the cow shortly there was a calf. By an exchange of work (a sort of barter) some pigs appeared. Pine poles were cut and fences enclosed pens, one for the cow at night and for the calf by day; and one for the pigs. And as pigs suggest hogs, and hogs suggest

"smoked ham," my men had built a log smoke-house. I never see this smoke-house but it brings to mind the "Rollo" books of my boyhood, especially *Rollo in the Mountains* (Jacob Abbot) in which were pictures of just such little houses as Sylvanus and Tom had built. Then slabs had been got at a neighboring mill and built into a barn-like shed large enough to furnish a stall for each horse and two cribs for the corn that was to come. And these were improvements on RENTED land.

VI

It was May, 1933. The potato-shed near town was in operation and I went to see the grading of potatoes. The potato-sorter is on the endless belt principle save that chains take the place of belts. The motive power was a motor. The farmer unloads on the platform; two men seize a bag, open it and drop the potatoes onto a hopper where a chain carries them on to the grader. Those that pass across the coarse mesh of the upper chain are in the line of being of grade 1; those that fall through to the lower chain of being grade 2, and those that fall through this chain are "culls." The seconds come out at the side where a man sits and picks out any that ought not to go on and throws them among the culls. Those that pass are gradually bagged and weighed . . . 100 lbs. to each bag; another sews the bags and carries them away. As grade 1 potatoes pass along they are looked over by six men, three on a side, who pick out and throw to the culls any that ought not to pass; the others pass on into bags which when full are carried to the scales, weighed, sewed, and placed. When the farmer's load has all been graded, the bags of accepted firsts and seconds are counted, the price calculated, and he receives his checks. In the meantime his culls have been bagged and given to him to take back. And the next farmer begins to unload.

This was my first experience at marketing anything. Had we sold earlier or even later we would have done better. The men had helped a white neighbor on his gathering; and in return he brought his span of mules and plowed up our potatoes (a case of barter). At least twenty men, women, boys, and girls were picking up, and the men themselves were bagging. A truck had been secured; and I went with the two loads to the railroad, seven miles away, and saw my own potatoes go through the grading process. By the way, the picking was mostly a case of barter, and the only cash paid out was 76 cents for one picker. The gross amount was $43.00. The seed and fertilizer cost $44.00. We had

5490 pounds No. 1 at 70c per C
2290 pounds No. 2 at 20c per C

We lost out (1) on the large number of No. 2; and (2) on the low price of No. 1. Careful gleaning the next day added $7.00, making the total $50.00.

Early in June, such sweet corn as was left from the ravages of worms brought a total of $7.00; this, added to the potato amount, built up a total of $57.00. Of this I handed Sylvanus $15.00 and Tom $15.00. The balance went toward outstanding bills, one of which was $21.50 for feed. This means that up to June 1st the farm had paid $57.00 of the running expenses, and to that extent was a relief to me.

VII

With the exception of a few small items in June and July, the boys took care of themselves the rest of the year. To a large extent the garden furnished their table; their crops plus the range took care of the stock. Such money as was needed for store supplies they earned on the plantations of their neighbors. So far as I know they were not on relief.

This rather happy outcome was helped out by their cotton. My wife and I left the South for an extended vacation early in August and did not return until late in December. The farm interests I left in the hands of my "understudy" who was in some ways wiser than I. I gave him "power of attorney" in all matters referring to the farm. Before leaving I saw the little "squares" which would later become "bolls," and also a few opening bolls. All the pleasure and joy in the promise of the harvest was with my attorney. His first report was dated September 18; and was as follows:

496 pounds lint .....@ $ 8.90 per C	$44.14	
910 pounds seed .....@ 12.00 per ton	5.46	
	$49.60	
Less ginning cost.....	4.47	
Cash $45.13		
Deduct: Cost of picking.....	6.50	
Balance		$38.63

The second report was dated October 14:

395 pounds cotton lint...@ $8.80 per C	$34.76	
Less ginning cost.....	3.71	
Balance		$31.05
Net total on cotton.....		$69.68

The boys kept the seed for the spring planting. The total cash business of the farm for the year was $126.68. I could have kept this money to replace a portion of the investment. But that would have meant my meeting their small demands, and so I paid a feed bill with the potato money and divided the rest between the boys, giving them $15.00 each. I felt that it would encourage them to be spending their own money and not be coming to me for the cash for their necessary supplies. I did the same with the cotton money. The entire sum broke up like this: the last feed bill paid in May, $16.00; to the two boys, $60.00; the balance to myself. This portion might be looked upon as a dividend upon my investment, or as paying three-fourths of the cotton-fertilizer bill, or as paying part of the rent. This is not important; it was money and had uses.

VIII

The following is a summary or statement of the outcome of the year:

ASSETS

(1) Producer goods. Here may be put the barn, the smoke-house, the work animals (the horses), the farm tools, and the wagon.

(2) Consumption goods. Here, perhaps, the cow, the hogs, the chickens, the garden crops for winter use, that is, Irish and sweet potatoes, etc., the field corn and the forage crops. (It was here that the large result of their labor showed itself; and,

as stated above, these carried the men for the best part of seven months.)

LIABILITIES

Here are put those items which I had met and which may be counted as my investment or their indebtedness.

(1) The cost of the Producer goods. (2) Cost of fertilizer and seed. (3) Feed up to May. (4) The rent. (5) Advances which may be called personal loans.

Perhaps the largest outcome of the year is in the experimental knowledge of the problem of the southern farm. The owner of the farm has the assets as listed above. His problem lies with the liabilities. Taxes take the place of rent; and probably the taxes are not so high as the rent. His forage crops he can raise. If he needs a money crop, there is the fertilizer and the seed. He may have to borrow money at the bank, and here enters the item of interest. Unless he comes out better than we did he is in "a hole." To me, this has become "knowledge" and is no longer "information."

A Note on Soviet Russia

FRED W. SHORTER

Dominating the Paris Exposition scene are the heroic figures of a young man and a young woman on top of the building of the Soviet Union. They stride forward together; in the upraised hand of the girl is a sickle, in the upraised hand of the man, giving the effect of clasping, is a hammer. There is tremendous power in their stride. Yet there is a lightness and swiftness that give a winged victory effect. Once you look at them, you cannot forget their presence. They dwarf even the Eiffel Tower. Significantly enough, they face directly the magnificent building of Nazi Germany.

After a thirty-day tour of the Soviet Union, during which we visited factories, farms, homes, schools, and sanatoriums, and traveled thousands of miles, we are sure that these two powerful, eager, swift young comrades express what is actually taking place in that vast and varied land. From the first of May, when we saw the great masses of workers pass through the Red Square of Moscow, until the last day in the ancient city of Kiev, we felt the power of young men and women striding into the future.

Whatever one might say of present conditions in Moscow and many other cities of the Union, he cannot escape the conviction that these young workers possess the future. For the future they are willing to put up with present hardship. This is what one must keep in mind when he goes to the Soviet Union. If he expects a present paradise, he will be violently disillusioned. In Moscow, he will see beggars by the score, rags and filth, and unspeakable sanitary and housing conditions. If he goes south to Batum and Tiflis, he will find even worse conditions. He will see evidence of want on every hand. If he takes the trouble to check upon prices of food and clothing in relation to the income of the workers, he will find that it is simply impossible for most of the workers to get the quantity and quality of food we Americans consider essential to decent living. Instead of one-third of the people being ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-clothed, as estimated in the United States by President Roosevelt, we would say conservatively that two-thirds are in that plight in the U. S. S. R.

A pair of shoes which could be bought for five dollars in America costs 225 rubles. A woman's ten-dollar coat costs 360 rubles. Oranges in Moscow were selling for 2 rubles; lemons in Tiflis for 3 rubles. On the foreign exchange basis such prices are out of all reason, since one ruble is worth twenty American cents. If one takes the income of the Russian worker in relation to these prices, he can see that the Soviet Union is no paradise, but is actually undergoing hardship. Many workers do not earn more than 200 rubles a month. Most of the workers in the factories we visited earned about 300 rubles a month. In other words, a pair of shoes or a coat costs a month's wages. Food prices may be judged by this incident. A Russian friend was visiting relatives in Tiflis. She and her hostess went to the market to buy food for breakfast. Just enough was bought for the meal. It was not elaborate and it was for six people. It cost forty-four rubles. She said her relative earned 450 rubles a month, had two children, and found it necessary to work on the quiet, illegally, in order to get enough for the family. That breakfast cost one-tenth of his month's wages.

We asked a young engineer, who has been in Russia five years, what he considered one person can live on with fair comfort, and he replied: "Not less than 400 rubles a month." Millions do not receive that much. On the other hand, there are many who receive much more. This young engineer received 4,000 rubles a month.

Then it is a question of what to do with the money. Usually what one wants to buy is not available. The attitude of many who receive larger salaries is indicated by a young agricultural expert who offered an American fellow tourist 500 rubles for a ten-dollar wrist-watch. He said, "Money is nothing to me. I want the watch and I don't care what I pay for it."

This question of individual income must be thought of in relation to the social income. This social income is more significant than the individual earnings. Connected with factories and collectives are hospitals, nurseries, schools, clubs, and theatres. Some of these institutions are breath-taking. For example, there is the polyclinic in the factory district of Kharkov with its 300 resident doctors and 25 consultants. Its equipment is of the latest, including hydrotherapy and mud baths. There is the Palace of the Pioneers in the same city. Originally an exclusive club, it is a beautiful white palatial building of 232 rooms given over wholly to children. There is everything these children could possibly desire, from ballet dancing for little girls to aviation for big boys. All is given to the children of the workers. The Workers' Club of a large factory in Kiev has a chorus which took a prize in Moscow last year, a band, a dramatic troupe, and the most modern buildings for all these and other activities. Beautiful sanatoria on the Black Sea, former palaces and mansions, and new magnificent buildings are filled with workers who are sent by their trade

unions for recuperation. Thousands of these institutions provide for farm and industrial workers' protection against illness and the means for the enjoyment of life.

Of all the social institutions, the greatest are those for the children and youth. Stalin said: "The children are our most precious capital." That is why, whatever present conditions may be, the Soviet Union possesses the future. Its citizens are willing to go without many comforts in the present for the hope of the future.

The future is not simply a dream, it is in the making. The Metro in Moscow is a beautiful reality. The plan for the remaking of Moscow is being fulfilled so that within a decade the old dilapidated, unsanitary buildings will be destroyed and will give place to wide boulevards, spacious parks and modern dwellings. You can see it all in outline at the Building Exposition, where are models of old and new Moscow. When you see the models, you realize somewhat the daring and faith of the dream. When you visit the newest Metro Station, lovely as a cathedral, you know the dream will come true.

The same may be said of other cities. In Batum you see rising out of the old filthy town lovely palaces for the workers. In Tiflis, you pass from the old unspeakably dirty Persian quarter to new Tiflis with its modern offices, apartments, parks, and stores. Everywhere, the new is arising out of the old.

For millions who knew the poverty of the old life under the Tsar, the present is paradise; but for many others, the present is only the promise of a far greater future. They demand more food, more clothing, better housing, and they know their demands will be met. This last year's tremendous increase in the production of food, making possible June first a reduction of 10 per cent to 15 per cent in food prices, is indicative. The new five-year plan will stress the production of clothing and furniture and other consumption goods that make living a joy. Not even Soviet Socialists can be expected to look forever to the future! The present is here and life is passing.

Only one thing can retard the Soviet's march into future happiness. War! That is the one thing Russia fears. We found it expressed time and again. Soviet workers and students said:—"We know Fascism must have war upon which to feed. It will come. But when it comes, we shall be prepared. Look at our Red Army!"

Yes, war is the one thing that could keep them from the attainment of their dream. It is the preparation for defense against such a war that is retarding the fulfillment of life for the masses now. The best food and clothing go to the Red Army, and there are a million and a half of them. Vast sums of money that could be put into machinery for the production of food and clothing go for the making of munitions of war.

The greatest service friends of Russia can render is to keep the world at peace. For the sake of these striding youth and our own youth, let us keep the world from war!

Correspondence

The Russian Riddle

Editor of UNITY:

I fully share with you in your expression of horror, in your editorials in UNITY of July 5, regarding the recent slaughter of Russian leaders. But I wish to offer an additional alternative to the two possible explanations you have stated, namely, that (1) the victims were innocent, but Stalin is either sick with terror or mad with cruelty, or (2) that the victims were guilty, in which case the Soviet regime must be thoroughly demoralized.

I have in mind an explanation based on the natural and inevitable tendency of a strong military organization to try to dominate the civil government. We see evidence of that tendency in our country, but fortunately while our military leaders do make a nuisance of themselves they are not strong enough to make us afraid of them. In Japan, it is evident that there is a struggle between the civil and military arms of the government. In Spain, it was the military leaders who started the trouble, and it is possible that if the government had at the start executed a few generals the present trouble would have been averted. In Italy, the military organization is the tool which Mussolini uses for his purposes, and consequently there is no conflict in evidence, however unhappy many civilians may be.

But the Soviet program is of such a character that the civil arm of the government must dominate, for the objective is the economic development of the country. Nevertheless, owing to the war situation in Europe the Soviet government must maintain an army, and it has to be a strong one. Now, my point is that a strong army is a menace, and must necessarily be a menace. It has weapons in hand, and it is so easy to turn those weapons on the government. The temptation for the generals in command to assume more than their rightful power is great. They are not traitors necessarily, but it is in human nature to want to run the government.

If Stalin wanted to launch out on a career of conquest, he would have nothing to fear from his army. His generals would be in their natural element. As his objective is not conquest but the economic development of the country, his problem is to maintain an army for defense purposes, but at the same time he must keep that army in hand. Stalin's position cannot be a comfortable one.

I do not condone the slaughter of the generals, but when a country is working on a peace program and at the same time must, or thinks it must, maintain a strong army, executions probably become necessary.

A strong army is a menace under any circumstances.

I am not ready to be dogmatic in stating my point. I am trying to find an alternative to complete disappointment over what has been happening in Russia. This ruthless slaughter certainly cannot tell the whole story, and there must be something splendidly constructive going on in Russia. Their recent Polar adventure, and their two airplane flights across the North Pole were so well done and so clean-cut that admiration cannot be withheld. But the army is a source of danger.

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The Oxford Conference

Editor of UNITY:

I have just finished reading a partial report of the Conference at Oxford, England, on "Church, Community and State." It stated: "The conference was charged with the affirmation that our Christianity is true." And yet if the report in the *Pathfinder* is true, it acknowledged before it adjourned that it did not know what Christianity was.

On the war issue it stated: "Christians are faced with an 'agonizing difficulty' in deciding whether or not all war is contrary to God's teaching."

(*Continued on Page 16*)

Correspondence

(Continued from Page 15)

The conference recognized three possible standards. (1) All war is contrary to Christian principles of brotherly love; (2) War is justified when designed to punish infractions of international law or to support Christianity; (3) All Christians are duty bound to bear arms in defense of their countries. The conference refused to support any of these views.

Did they ever read, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. For if ye love them which love you, what thanks have ye, for sinners also love those that love them." Jesus summed up all his teaching in one commandment: "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another as I have loved you."

"Woe unto you Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, blind leaders of the blind." No wonder humanity is in the ditch. It is not the profession we make but the weapons we use that decide the side we are on.

Our so-called Christianity must be wiped off the face of the earth. It is the most deadly foe of true Christianity. JOHN T. RICKETT.

Howell, Mich.

The Field

(Continued from Page 2)

significant advance in wider organization of workers. Of great importance was the evidence of industrial statesmanship on the part of a great steel corporation which reached an agreement with a union without the necessity of a strike. The decision of the Supreme Court validating the National Labor Relations Act marks a wider and more far-reaching recognition in law of labor's right to organize and bargain collectively.

As yet only a minority of American workers are organized, and it must be recognized that annual wages of many skilled workers are still below a comfort level of living, while the wages in many industries both urban and agricultural are grossly inadequate for a decent standard of living for an American family. Many millions still can find no work. We are convinced, therefore, that thoughtful Christians will welcome the contemporary gains in status and economic welfare on the part of labor as in line with the social ideals of Christianity.

In the growing complexity of society many of us have been so cut off from the lives of the industrial workers that we are tempted to think of them not as neighbors, not as persons whose welfare in this world is as important in the sight of God as our own, but as strange masses. While there are millions of wage earners in our churches, yet many of our congregations have drawn their membership, by reason of location and association, chiefly from the more comfortable middle classes. Many church members see the world from a point of view quite different from the point of view of the laboring masses. As a result of belonging to a class that is relatively secure, many of us tend to fear the very social changes which we should welcome because of the ethical demands of our Christian faith. While protesting against anything that accentuates class consciousness, we fail to realize that our own point of view is largely controlled by the bias of class. Our first need is for self-knowledge and repentance, and sincere desire that the same mind may be in us which was in Christ Jesus, who counted not privilege and power as things to be grasped, but emptied himself in the service of man.

There are many parties to industry. The demand of the hour is for greater tolerance, understanding and fair play among them. Voices have been raised among employers urging modification of the older attitudes of many toward organized labor. Leaders of labor should realize that, with increasing power, the labor movement must accept greater responsibility, not only fulfilling its traditional ideal of a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, but also taking a broad view of the economic scene as a whole. The achievement of increasing industrial wages alone will not solve the total problem. A balance between agriculture and industry must be attained. Prices to consumers must be taken into account. Labor and consumers in many countries have been quick to grasp the advantage of consumers' co-operation as a vital part of the movement toward a better day. Comprehensive collaboration of all groups is urgently needed. Employers, labor, consumers and the government must work together to provide for the economic needs of all the people. We must create also such co-operative relations among the nations and such access to raw materials for all as shall promote international peace.

As industrial and economic life becomes more complex we discover increasingly urgent need for more personal consecration of individuals to the religious life. For religion will always be indispensable, not only for the soul of the individual, but also as social cement to hold any society together in the bonds of peace. Selfish struggles for prestige or power on the part of individuals or groups can become divisive forces in any society. There must, indeed, be such a reorganization of our economic life as will remove the fear of economic insecurity on the part of men and nations which now leads to inter-class and international conflict, but there may still remain in individual lives those destructive and socially divisive forces of sin and selfishness, of jealousy and pride and intolerance, which would tend to tear apart any social order. The Church must therefore continue to serve society by proclaiming Christ's gospel of justice, love, and reconciliation, and by insisting that both individuals and economic and political institutions shall conform to the will of the God of justice and love.

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